Barebo. Oct 11./58

"Friend Eph:

I will scribble you a few lines today, and enclose in Davis letter as he has given me the privilege. I have nothing new to write, only that I have just recid a letter from home, and they write that I am expected verydoon I shall probably go in three weeks from today. should go before if I were not in hopes I should see you. We all think that you'll be here in a fortnight. hope so at any rate. If you do not come within three weeks, I shall probably be gone. I want to stay a good deal through the winter, but suppose I can not. Hope you will make up your mind to go too, before you get back,

I shall stop in Illinois. as I go.——
— I wrote you last week and sent. but am sorry I did so— I'd give a cent to get hold of that letter, or letters now. I'm quite sure you would never see them. If I do not see you again. (wh I very much hope to,) you will burn them— I have lots to say to you. but shall never trust to paper again my feelings or thoughts as I have done. I will tell you why, if I ever see you.
— I have been up to Dill's and staid a week since I wrote you last. Had a nice time. saw Lizzie twice— She had considerable to ask about "Eph." Of course I did as others do, told all I knew about you.
— John & Ma will move next week I suppose— I don't know whether I'll go down with them or go over to Joe's— Probably when you come I shall be there.

to John's. or on my way to Maine—
— Have just received a letter from
Sue. She writes that she does not
expect to come over at all. I am so
disappointed— but I shan't worry
myself to death about it.———
I received your letter mailed at
Davenport the same day I sent
mine— was glad enough to get it.
I am sorry that you have lost your
purse— but do not regret very much
that my picture went down with
it— unless it proves a bad omen.
But if you must lose it, it might
as well be there as among the "chips"
as "Tom" told about! But I can't
write more— Excuse, and come
home the very day you get back—

Your friend as ever

Bel—

Can I have confidence to believe my
letters will never be seen by any one as
my others have been?

E. L. Hackett